



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

rather the thing. Others, because there are a great many people who can talk to *one* person, but if others, standing near, seem to be listening, they are extinguished immediately; music helps them on, because it makes such a noise that they have to talk passably loud to make even one person hear. Others want you to sing—particularly the host or hostess—because that dreadful pall of silence, or taciturnity or something, seems to have settled over the company, which every host or hostess seems to understand and scent from afar—something which is unaccountable and inexplicable, and for which there is no apparent cause—the people all nice people and agreeable people—but somehow they have not *got started*. Perhaps it is the heat and bad air of the room: perhaps the stupefying effect of escaping gas—very likely; but so it is—and music seems to be the most immediate exhilarant and disinfectant. A good one it certainly is; but no better one than if somebody were suddenly to turn off the gas, and the company were left in Cimmerian darkness—or any other device were adopted to give them a sudden shock. We know of an unexpected and accidental gas calamity of this kind, which drove the host and hostess almost demented, but which put the company in the most exhilarant good spirits for the rest of the evening.

"It is settled, then, that we are to sing. Very well—we *will* sing, if you wish it, of course, cheerfully. But—listen to the noise! How are we to sing *down* all that noise? Impossible—you cannot expect it of us. The noise must be stopped. And how?—of course, you do not expect *us* to stop it, by shouting it down. No. *You* must stop it. *You*—the host.

"And here we come to the gist of the matter. This is our grievance. We musical folk are led to the piano like lambs to the slaughter,—as you may say to quell a riot. We are to fire volleys of music bullets from the muzzles of our throats in among the crowd. Desperate enterprise! We draw a long breath. We sigh. We touch a few of the keys, and their tone is scarcely audible to us. We should so like to back incontinently out. But we have promised to sing, and sing we must.

"We do sing. Perhaps we quell the riot. Perhaps we do not. Perhaps we put them all down except a few straggling rioters, who keep up a volley of small talk, very likely close to our piano-battery. Success with this battery *alone*, albeit, without the voice of command, is extremely doubtful. Pianists are at a greater disadvantage with the enemy than vocalists—much. A vocalist can get into a rage, if he will, and show it in his vocalism. People respect him. But a pianist cannot inspire his piano with very much rage. The enemy laugh him to scorn.

"What we—the aggrieved—wish to say, then, is this. It is positively the duty of the host, or hostess, of the house, on requesting a friend to play or sing, preliminarily to quell the social riot—to enforce silence. Nor alone to put the enemy down, but keep them down,—so long as the music continues. Moreover, to repeat this subjugation as often as the music is renewed.

"How may this be done?—The simplest thing in the world. In the old countries, the emphatic and startling *st! st!* would secure attention at once: this all-pervading sibilant being heard at a great distance, and without special effort on the part of the riot-queller. In this country it is less understood, but is becoming more so. Let, then, the host or hostess stand in some conveniently-conspicuous position, and clap the hands smartly together. The lady-hostess, if she likes, can get some gentleman-friend to do it. The company, supposing this to be some mysterious demonstration of very uncalled-for applause, will gaze in mute and, perhaps, indignant astonishment. Mute—that is what you want. Very well. You point gracefully and with your most captivating smile toward the piano, where stands the performer. It is comprehended—the point is gained. The performer can now commence amid perfect silence, instead of perfect uproar. *He* has not the odium of compelling the attention of people: this were ungraceful and presuming. But the host solicits—and who can gainsay it? The performer is in a graceful position—the host also.

"Mind, however—let not the host or hostess *let up* on the subjugated forces. He, or she, is a committee of one, *pro tem.*, to keep the peace. Should the riot break out again in any quarter, let the rioter be frowned down—or *st! st!* at—or turned suddenly round upon with a look of mute astonishment. It will do the business. Rioter will think himself a very ill-bred person. And so he is.

"Now this may seem somewhat astringent. But we told you at the start, good friend, that we did not *want* to play or sing. If the music be ill-advised, as it often is, when people are getting on swimmingly without it, why, that is an error of judgment on your part. But if we *do* sing or play—sing we like a Hottentot, or play we like an Esquimaux Indian—we are bound to be heard! And don't think us presumptuous.

"The truth is, every house ought to have a music-room, into which those who wish to hear singing and playing may enter, the others remaining without. It is a harsh thing to break in upon a charming conversation—to stop a fluent *tête-à-tête* in mid career, or nip impending wit in the bud: it is odious to flirt-eer and flirtee to be interrupted: it is a bore to a couple of old Wall-streeters to be obliged to listen to what we have heard them elegantly designate as 'all that caterwauling.' But it is a much more outrageous and insufferable thing that musical people should be victimized as they are; that the divine art of music should be prostituted to such purposes as it is, and its tuneful pearls so often thrown before—ladies and gentlemen."

An editorial notice from the great West of the first of the New York Artists' Receptions, comes to us in the Illinois State Journal, published at the capitol of the State, Springfield. It gives us pleasure to see the events of our artistic world attract intelligent notice in this region, where Art is yet too vaguely recognized. An Art-editorial in a newspaper is a positive proof of a thoughtful interest in civilization; no one will contravene sentiments like those in the following extract:

"We hope the day is not far distant when we may have a deeper appreciation of Art than is now manifested—that the nobler and higher feelings of our nature may be called into action, and the beautiful in painting, poetry, and sculpture, not only cherished, but produced among us. We have as a community advanced beyond the necessity which prompts to the mere provision for our daily wants. Let us think now of our children, and looking beyond the present, live with higher and holier purposes in view."

#### BOOK NOTICES.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART-JOURNAL. Illustrated. No. 1. February 1858. Brydges street, Strand, London. Price 2s. 6d. per number, published monthly.

We have before us the first number of a new journal with the above title. The object of the journal is to note the progress of the art of Photography, to record its history, and make suggestions as to its future. A portion of its space will be devoted to the discussion of many Art topics of general importance. The first number contains an interesting article on the "Art of the Stage," in which the beauty and excellence of theatrical scenery is enlarged upon, the comments of the writer being accompanied with two pages of wood-cuts, representative of scenic effects in the play of *The Tempest*, produced at the Princess' Theatre, under the direction of Charles Kean. The remaining articles are, "What is photography?" "On a newly discovered action in Light," a biography of W. H. Russell, "the Thucydides of the Crimean War," or, in other words, the Crimean correspondent of the London Times during the war; besides miscellanea, and a list of Photographs published. The chief attractions of the magazine are two photographs; one, a portrait of *W. H. Russell*, and the other from an alto-relievo, by Justin, called *The Baptism of Christ in the River Jordan*.